

CIA BUYS BARB

Last week, one of our distributors was stopped at the corner of Telegraph and Durant as he was asking a vendor about carrying BARBs.

Our man was interrupted by a moustachioed hip-type who yelled, "Don't sell BARBs, man. Don't you know what's happening?"

"What?" asked the innocent vendor.

"The BARB is now a tool of the CIA," the moustache hissed, "this Coult is a CIA agent who has been sent to de-fuse the Berkeley Movement."

That was the first time we heard this rumor, but it was not the last. The word was out, among those who claimed to know, that the BARB was now a counter-revolutionary tool run by secret agents of the Government.

How did the true story get out so fast? We thought we had maximum security on this operation.

Well, we might as well come clean. Three weeks ago President called Editor Allan Coult, who was sitting in his yard practicing a very difficult Yogic exercise.

"Allan, this is Dick," he said. "How would you like to take over the Berkeley BARB and de-fuse the people's revolutionary Movement?"

"Will do, Chief," said Coult, "but how do I get the money to buy this thing?"

"Never mind," the President replied. "We'll set it up. And don't worry. We'll pay you back if you lay out the bread. You know we're good for it."

"Okay, I trust you, Chief," Coult replied. "What else has been happening?"

"Well, the anti-cigarette campaign is going great guns, Allan," said the President. "Soon hundreds of millions of Americans will quit smoking tobacco forever."

"Great, Chief, said Allan. "But let me in on it, will you? I mean, what's in it for the Government to get all those tobacco-heads to quit smoking?"

"Don't you get it, Allan," the

President chuckled. "After awhile nobody will smoke tobacco cigarettes. So the only people left smoking ANYTHING will be the pot-heads. Then we can pick them right off. No more wondering if the guy puffing away in his car with the windows rolled up is smoking weed or not. Soon as we see him lighting up, we'll KNOW what it is."

"Good thinking, Chief," Allan said. "One other thing I wondered about. Why the hell are we so concerned about getting to the moon?"

"Sorry, I can't tell you that," the President said, "that's highest top priority classified information."

"Pretty please," said Allan. "You know I won't breathe a word to anyone. Besides, I know who you went to a motel with last weekend."

"Oh, all right, Allan, since you always find out all our State Secrets anyway. The moon is being developed so that the rich people can live on it in a few more years when the earth is hopelessly polluted by their industrial holdings. Just as the rich people live up in the Berkeley hills, isolated from the fumes and crud of the flatlands, that's the way the moon will be to the earth."

"We will build beautiful, air-conditioned sealed-off palaces on the moon, with landscaped gardens under plastic domes with artificial atmosphere, and no poor people will be allowed to set foot on the property. They won't be able to afford the rocket fare. Of course, moon residents will take commuter flights to earth every month or so to check on their holdings."

The President then wished Allan good luck on his mission and hung up. We have not heard from him since.

The reason we are revealing the truth behind our secret operation is that the Government has not yet paid us the bread we fronted, and we are pissed off.

So pay off, Dick, or we won't de-fuse the Movement. — R.M.

Soc. 4.011 Berkeley (Cal) Barb

P-Coult, Allan